PRECIOUS RELICS GIVEN TO THE BOSTON LIBRARY.

Curious Wood Cuts Made by the Novelist-Printed With Remarkable Series of Verses-Author's Early Life.

From the Boston Herald.

To the treasures of the Boston public library there is about to be added a collection of precious literary relies in the form of a series of woodcuts engraved by the late Robert Louis Stevenson.

Of all the curiosities of literature, none is more remarkable than the series of verses composed by Robert Louis Stevenson at Davos, Switzerland, during the winters of 1880-81 and 1881-82, and printed, along with wood cuts of his own making, by himself and his young stepson. These were "published" in pamphlet form by "S. L. Osbourne & Co." Of the original impressions very few are known to exist. A complete set is in the possession of the British museum. The "bonus" volume (No. 28) of the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson's works, of which only 1035 (numbered) copies were issued, contains fac similes of the Davos publications, the illustrations being

printed from the original blocks. Stevenson went to Davos, an Alpine village, as he went to many other places in his life, in quest of health, or of re-lief from his almost incessant illness and pain. He was accompanied by Mrs. Stevenson and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, then a boy, who afterward collaborated with his stepfather in the production of "The Wreckers."

Wreckers."
Stevenson was always fond of childrenwas a child himself, indeed, in some respects, to the end of his days. During the
long and rigorous Swiss winters he and
young Osbourne entertained themselves together, without doubt, in the most delightful manner, by setting up a little printing press and going into the publishing
business in a small way. The man did
most of the writing and all of the engraving, and the boy attended to the press
work.

graving, and the boy attended to the press work.

The Davos series, as reproduced in the Edinburgh edition, begins with a circular announcing the publication of "Black Canyon; or, Wild Adventures in the Fat West; an Instructive and Amusing Tale, written by Samuel Lloyd Osbourne." At the end of the circular is this "notice:"

"A very remarkable work. Every page produces an effect. The end is as singular as the beginning. I never saw such a work before.

"Black Canyon" itself is a pamphlet of eight pages, about 4½x2½ inches. containing a burlesque Indian story in seven chapters.

ing a burlesque indian story in schapters.

The second product of the Davos press was "Not I and Other Poems, by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "The Blue Scalper," Travels With a Donkey, etc." This volume is of the same size as "Black Canyon." The last of the "Other Poems" is a combined apology and "ad," in these words:

The pamphlet here presented Was planned and printed by A printer unindented, A bard whom all decry.

The author and the printer, With various kinds of skill, Concocted it in winter At Davos on the Hill.

They burned the nightly taper.

They burned the nightly taper,
But now the work is ripe,
Observe the costly paper,
Remark the perfect type!

The mext thing got out by "S. L. Osbourne & Co." was a 12-page pamphlet, a bit larger than the foregoing, entitled "Moral Emblems, a Collection of Cuts and Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson, author," etc. It contained five of the "Moral Emblems," each being a rude picture with explanatory rhymes on the opposite page.

Here is the first one:



See how the children in the print Round on the book to see what's in't! O, like these pretty babes, may you seize and apply this volume too! And while your eye upon the cuts With harmless ardor opes and shuts, Reader, may your immortal mind To their sage lessons not be blind. A second volume of "Moral Emblems" was published. Four more of them are re-produced below.



Broad-gazing on untrodden lands, See where adventurous Cortez stands; While in the heavens above his head, The Eagle seeks its daily bread. How apity fact to fact replies: Heroes and eagles, hills and skies, Ye, who contemn the fatted slave, Look on this emblem and be brave.



His future joys will much contract: And he will speil his evening toddy By dwelling on that mangled body.



The careful angler chose his nook
At morning by the litted brock,
And all the noon his rod he piled
By that romantic riverside.
Seon as the evening hours decline
Tranquilly he'll return to dine.
And breathing forth a pious wish,
Witt tram his belly full of sish.
The Abbot for a walk went out,
A wealthy cleric, very stout.
And Robin has that Abbot sinck
As the red hunter spears the buck.
The clavel or the juvelin
Hex. Yes observe come bravely in.
And you may hear that weapon whack
lience we may learn that abbots should
Never go walking in a wood.
Following the "Moral Emblems" there
came a booklet entitled "The Graver and
the Pen, or Seenes from Nature, with Appropriate verses by Robert Louis Stevenson," etc. This was compiled at Davos, but

was published in Edinburgh for the reason that is set forth at the foot of the title page—namely: "" was only by the kindness of Mr. Crear of Kingussie that we are able to issue this little work, having al-



lowed us to print with his own press ween ours was broken."

Three of the articles in "The Grave; and the Pen" are here reproduced.

THE PRECARIOUS MILL. Alone above the stream it star Above the iron hill. The topsy-turvy, tumble-down, Yet habitable mill.

Still as the ringing saws advance To slice the humming deal. All day the pallid miller hears The thunder of the wheel. He hears the river plunge and roar

As roars the angry mob: He feels the solid building quake, The trusty timbers throb.



"Alas!" he cries and shakes his head, "I see by every sign. "I see by every sign. There soon will be the deuce to pay, With this estate of mine."

THE TRAMPS.



And casts on earth his latest gleam.

But see! The tramps with jaded eye
Their destined provinces eapy.
Long through the hills their way they took,
Long campod beside the mountain brook;
'Tis over; now with the rising hope.
They pause upon the downward slope.
And as their aching bones they rest.
Their anxious captain scans the west.

THE FOOLHARDY GEOGRAPHER. The howling desert miles around.

The tinkling brook the only sound—



Wearled with all his toils and feats,

The brindled tiger loud may roar,
High may the hovering vulture soar,
Alas! regardless of them all,
Soon shall the empurpled glutton sprawl—
Soon, in the desert's hushed repose,
Shall trumpet tidings through his nose!
Alack, unwise! that nasal song
Shall be the dunce's dinner gong!

A blemish in the cut appears;
Alas! it cost both blood and tears.
The glancing graver swerved aside,
Fast flowed the artist's vital tide!
And now the apologetic bard
Demands indulgence for his pard.
How pathetic was this allusion to the cut
finger of the author-engraver! The reader
may find the "blemish," if he looks snarp,
as a long white line in the lower righthand portion of the cut.
The Davos blocks have left the hands of
the Edinburgh printer, and are probably
now on their vay to Boston. the Edinburgh printer, and are propably now on their way to Boston.

It Was a Slander.

It Was a Siander.

A story is told by the Army and Navy Journal of one of our volunteer warriors who had his home in a small town near the Mississippi river, and who had been chosen to command the local company because of his political influence. The ladies of his town had organized a Red Cross Auxiliary Society, and among other contributions to the comfort of their absent heroes was a case of home made pajamas. The box containing these was sent to the camp, but no acknowledgment of its receipt was returned, so the good ladies telegraphed:

"Anxious to know if you got those pajamas last week."

Now the captain had been sitting up with the boys the night before, and when the dispatch was handed to him he was trying to reduce his swollen head with a wet towel, and his mind was somewhat confused. So the ladies of the relief society were astonished by the receipt of this dispatch:

"Story is a lie out of whole cloth, probably made up by my enemies to ruin me politically. Admit am not a total abstainer, but never had the pajamas last week or at any other time."

Correction Due.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. "I see," said the farmer, "that you have me wrote up as the proud father of a new me wrote up as the proud father of a new girl."
"Yes," said the editor of the country paper, visions of fat chickens and apples by the bushel floating before his mental vision.
"Seems to me," continued the farmer, "that 'resigned' would have been a better word than 'proud.' She's the ninth."

Not Quite Certain. From the Cleveland Piain Dealer.

"Yes, Eddie was slightly wounded in the first fight. We have a letter from the regimental surgeon."

"Where was he wounded?"

"We are not quite sure. The surgeon mentioned the place, but we don't know whether it is an anatomical phrase or a Filipino town."

Our Growing Language.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"What," asked the intelligent foreigner.

"do you mean by saying that one man overshadows another?" "It means," answered the obliging na-itye, "that he outshines him."

A COUNTESS CHAPERON

HOW PAULINE ASTOR IS BEING COACHED FOR SOCIETY.

The Countess of Selkirk Is Paid \$15,000 a Year for Preparing the Great American Heiress for English Society.

From the New York Journal.
William Waldorf Astor, who spends the greatest of New York fortunes in England and has just come here for a few weeks to dodge taxes, has engaged the Countess of Selkirk as chaperon for his only daughter, Pauline. To use plain American language,



HOW TO CURTSY TO THE QUEEN.

the countess will receive \$15,000 a year for her services. Of course, neither she nor Mr. Astor would speak of it in that bold way. The countess is not expected to ex-pend time, trouble and money merely out of affection for the daughter of a millionaire. Therefore she is willing to accept from Mr. Astor the sum mentioned for general expenses. In addition Mr. Astor will pay all specific expenses.

It will be the duty of the Counters of

will pay all specific expenses.

It will be the duty of the Countess of Selkirk to see that Miss Pauline Astor behaves in every way as befits a future duchess, that she does nothing derogatory to her prospective rank, and that she forms no detrimental acquaintances.

The countess is the widow of the late Dunbar James Hamilton, sixth Earl of Selkirk, keeper of the great seal of Scotland. She married him when he was 69 years old, and he died in 1885, leaving no children. His title became merged in that of his kinsman, the Duke of Hamilton, and there is consequently no one now known as Earl of Selkirk, The Duke of Hamilton, who is the premier Duke of Scotland and also Duke of Brandon in England, is the chief of the families of Douglas and Hamilton, who played a great part in the ancient history of Scotland.

The Countess of Selkirk has a fine old country house, Balmae, in Kirkcudbrightshire, and a town house, No. 50 Berkeley square, London. Having but a modest income and a considerable fondness for society, she is pleased to accept the position offered by Mr. Astor.

She is a handsome woman of distinguished appearance, a little over 50. She is the daughter of the late Sir Philip de Malpas Grey-Egerton, of an old Cheshire family.

The countess has been indicated as a de-

countess has been indicated as a desirable chaperon by Queen Victoria her-seif. When the Princes Marie, sister of Prince Dhuleep Singh, came out a few years ago the countess was chosen as a chaperon for her by the queen, whose ward the young Hindoo princess was.

Formal Entrance to Society.

Miss Astor was presented at court the last drawing room held in behalf of the queen. That marked her formal entrance into society. For this interesting ceremony she was prepared by the Countess of Selkirk, It is a trying one. The debutante after struggling for hours in the crowded anterooms of the palace, has to advance into the royal presence dragging a train ten feet long, curtsy once to the ground, kiss the royal hand, bow several times and back out of the room. It is undoubtedly a more severe trial than the debut of an actress. The Countess of Selkirk prepared Miss Astor for the ordeal so that she went through it perfectly.

In appearing at court one makes a low and sweeping curtsy to the queen, a "bob" to the royal princesses, and a dip to the royal princes. To give to the prince the homage due to the queen or even to the Princess of Wales would be a gaucheric. Miss Astor is being drilled in all these things.

Not the least important and interesting queen. That marked her formal entrance

Miss Astor is being drilled in all these things.

Not the least important and interesting part of the countess' duties will consist in guarding Miss Astor from the company of that class of young men known in London society as "detrimentals." They are commonly the young sons of noblemen and gentlemen whose small fortunes are reserved exclusively for their oldest sons. These young men are not infrequently handsome and amusing. They live on their friends and relatives, are welcome in great houses and good society and have few expenses, except for clothing, for which they do not necessarily pay. Matchmaking mothers regard them with angry suspicion and this fact often impels the daughters to fall in love with them. Therefore they are called "detrimentals."

It should be clearly understood how great an helress the Countess of Selkirk will have to guard. William Waldorf Astor owns \$200,000,000 of New York real property. He has three children, two sons and a daughter. The buik of his fortune will no doubt go to his oldest son, and the rest will



MISS ASTOR MUST CONVERSE ONLY WITH DUKES.

be divided equally between the other two children. Miss Astor's share is not likely to be less than \$30,000,000. Miss Astor's Accomplishments.

This sum is doubtless sufficient to secure This sum is doubtless sufficient to secure the greatest matrimonial prize in England. When a duke or royal prince comes to pay his court to Miss Astor, the countess will exhibit an indulgent good nature, and a disposition to self-effacement. But when a 'detrimental' comes along she will take a leading part in the conversation, which will be polite without cordiality. Miss Astor has many qualities besides her fortune which might attract a duke. She is pretty, dark haired, well educated and accomplished. She is now 20 years old. Her mother, who was Miss Mary Paul, of Philadelphia, died in England five years ago. Since then the young girl has been without any near woman relative as a companion. That is one reason why, now that she is old enough to go into society, her father has been obliged to find a chaperon for her. In spite of her extreme youth she helped to receive the Prince of Wales at Clieveden several years ago, and made a very pleasing impression on him.

The Countess of Selkirk will, therefore, have good material to work upon when she undertakes to make a grande dame of Miss Astor. The countess herself belongs to the old school of dignified simplicity of manners, the only school of which Queen Victoria approves. She has no toleration for the slang, swagger, the greatest matrimonial prize in England.

toria approves. She has no toleration for the slang, swagger, the slang, swagger, boisterousness and vulgarity which are only too prevalent in English fashionable

English | fashionable society. The countess will teach her charge to walk properly, and to The Countess of Selkirk, enter a room with grace and dignity. She will not allow her to acquire any horsy, esthetic or other affectations to

which even young women of the best so-ciety are liable.

What She Will Be Taught. Miss Astor will learn to enter and leave a carriage in the proper manner, a difficult art to acquire.

The counters will overlook her correspondence and see that she forms no un-desirable acquaintances. She will also over-look her charge's sports and amusements. She will take care that Miss Astor, while

desirable acquaintances. She will also overlook her charge's sports and amusements. She will take care that Miss Astor, while taking as much exercise as she may need for her health, shall not become so devoted to athletic sports as to unfit her for the drawing room.

A difficult part of the countess' duties will be to instruct Miss Astor in the art of making little public speeches. Every lady of great rank or wealth in England is called upon with much frequency to lay cornerstones or to distribute prizes to firemen, school girls and other deserving persons. The young American Duchess of Marlborough was required to do this soon after her arrival in England, and although under 21 years of age, acquitted herself with great credit.

Miss Astor will undoubtedly be in the cornerstone laying and prize distributing business before many years. The speeches required on these occasions need not contain much thought, but they must be tactful and graceful. above all, they must be delivered easily, pleasantly and withmout embarrassment it is not every man who can make "a few appropriate remarks," even to a tableful of intimate friends. How much more difficult must it be to address a crowd of local magnates or firemen or school teachers and children, all dressed in their best clothes, hanging eagerly on your lips, and watching for any fancied slight?

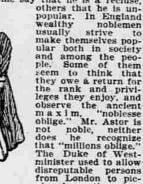
After all, the final aim of the countess' training will be to enable Miss Astor to preside with grace and dignity at the head of a great house in London and in the country.

At present Miss Astor has two splendid houses in which to exercise her social tal-

preside with grace and dignity at the head of a great house in London and in the country.

At present Miss Astor has two splendid houses in which to exercise her social talent. One is Clieveden-on-the-Thames, a beautiful place which her father purchased from the Duke of Westminster. The other is Lansdowne house, in London, a mansion greater than any in New York, which he has rented from the Marquis of Lansdowne.

When Mr. Astor shook the dust of America off his feet, went to England, founded a Tory newspaper and cultivated such members of the nobility as he could, it was presumed he was striving for a prominent position in English society. He has not succeeded. Some say that he is a recluse, others that he is unpopular. In England wealthy noblemen usually strive to make themselves popular both in society and among the people. Some of them seem to think that they owe a return for the rank and privileges they enjoy, and observe the ancient



disreputable persons from London to pictom London Londo

THEY FEAR EMBONPOINT.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Sloane Dieting to Reduce Weight. From the New York World.

Among the beautiful women of fashion who have tried reducing their weight this winter have been Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Henry Sloane, Mrs. Mackay has a tendency to embonpoint, which is odd, because it is not hereditary. Her mother is not stout, and has a splendid figure, and Willie Duer, her father, has kept at the same weight for years. Mrs. Mackay has reduced herself this winter a number of pounds, and instead of a rather plump little matron she now possesses all the attributes of one of those whom the modistes are delighted to call, extremely chic. It was an absolutely unnecessary proceeding. Mrs. Mackay was a very beautiful girl, and is a beautiful woman. Her peculiar hair and her gorgeous complexion would attract attention anywhere. Her face is always animated, and possessing as she does the combined wit of the Travers and Duer families, even if she were not fair of face and perfect of form, she would be one of the most popular married belles in society. Angularity is becoming to her, and she does not look as well this winter as she has in past seasons. Mrs. Sloane also feared embonpoint. She has been noted for her figure, and for the beauty of her shoulders as well as for the slenderness of her waist. She has been more conspicuous for the elegance of dress than any other woman in New York society. She has always possessed a girllike figure, and at no time has she grown positively stout. Mrs. Sloane has exercised, and lived a great deal in the open air, and has only taken certain foods. Two or three times during the winter she has broken down under the hard training, Her health at the present time is quite impaired. But she has managed to reduce herself by several pounds. With the slim woman as a model, the very fashionables in society are hardly any of them possessed of any superfluity of flesh. The graat beauties of society are all slim to thinness. One glance around the parterre at the opera house will hardly reveal one stout woman, be she young or be she chaperone. mother is not stout, and has a splendid figure, and Willie Duer, her father, has erone.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

Frem the Chicago News. From the Chicago News.

"Its curious how folks can disappear off the face of the earth and leave no sign," musingly observed the man with the chinchilla overcoat. "For instance, the Pawnee Indian agency was drawing rations for 11,500 Indians. One day a government agent turned up to make a count and the number was scaled down to 6,200. He couldn't add another one to his figures. Five thousand three hundred redskins had vanished off the face of the earth and left no sign."

"And how did the agent account for it?" was asked.

"Oh, he couldn't account for it, and that was the reason they gave him the bounce."

Why Mysto Is a Croesus.

From Tid-Bits. Professor Mysto (the celebrated palmist, to Miss Priscilla Giddy)—"This line indicates that when you are about 25 years of age you will make the acquaintance of a gentleman whom you will probably marry." (Professor Mysto, being unable to ask any specific fee for his service, leaves the amount to the generosity of his patron.)

A Society Lion.



SOME PRETENDERS WHO HAVE RO-MANTIO HISTORIES.

"Black Napoleon"-The Former King of Dahomey-Queen Ranavalo, of Madagascar, and How the French Are Caring for Her.

From the New York Press. Scattered about the world to-day are many black kings and queens in exile. They are as picturesque as any other royal pretenders, have much more romantic histories behind them and do not cause so much trouble. Dinizulu, son of Cetewayo and king of the Amazulu, lives in state on the island of St. Helena, a prisoner of the British. Behanzin, king of Dahomey, lives with his court in the West Indies, a prisoner of the French, on the Island of Martinique. Ranavalo, queen of Madaguscar, also a prisoner of the French, is establish-ed with her exiled court in a villa near Algiers. Liliuokalani, once queen of Hawaii, is more fortunate than these other dusky and dethroned ones, for she can live and dic, if she pleases, in her native land. The United States is not fond of political pris-oners, though there may be a secure house



RANAVALO, THE ROYAL EXILE FROM MADAGASCAR.

preparing somewhere in these States for

preparing somewhere in these States for the residence of a person by the name of Aguinaldo. The British have one or two other African ex-potentates besides Dinizulu in their keeping, and the French have a few in Paris. One of them is the king of Sokoto, who not long ago petitioned the French government to have his pension raised from \$500 to \$500 a year.

Of all these black royalties no one is more interesting because of himself and of his family history than Dinizulu, the "Black Napoleon" of St. Helena. When the great Napoleon was overrunning Europe a British sailor was cast ashore on the African coast. Some say he deserted his ship, which was trading there; at any rate he was captured by the natives and taken before the great chief Chaka, king of the Zulus. He told the king of the outside world, and especially of Napoleon. That put an idea into the head of Chaka, and he resolved to make for himself an empire after the manner of the Corsican. So he began conquering neighboring tribes and uniting them under his sway until he had forred the empire of the Amazulu. When the British landed in Natal in 1824 the Amazulu were a great power, and the sway of Chaka extended along the south-What the British landed in Natal in 1824 the Amazulu were a great power, and the sway of Chaka extended along the south-eastern coast of Africa from Lompopo to the Cape of Good Hope. Chaka made a treaty with the British, and for that he was slain by his brother, Dingaan. Then the heir of Chaka, Cetewayo, took up the fight against the white men and carried it on until his defeat and capture, which was shortly followed by his death in 1884.

The Black Yanoleon.

this war of Cetewayo against the British there took place the slaughter of ments, of the king broke the British squares In this war, too, the house of Bonaparte and the house of Chaka again Bonaparte and the house of Chaka again made history for each other, for the prince imperial, heir of Napoleon, was killed by the soldiers of Cetewayo, heir of Chaka. He died fighting for the British against the power which owed its origin to the example of his great uncle.

After the death of Cetewayo, his son, Dinizulu, kept up the fight for a while, but was finally captured and sent to St. Helena, to become a prisoner of the English



HOUSE IN ALGIERS WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO RANAVALO.

on the very rock where was imprisoned, by the same people, the great Napoleon. Dinizulu is a powerful negro of almost gigantic build. He is a man of intelligence and considerable reading, and professes the Christian religion. He maintains an establishment of considerable size in his exile, and is treated by his household as a king. With him are his two uncles, several chiefs and a chaplain. The uncles, the chiefs and the clergyman have their wives with them, and are attended by numerous Zulu servants, Dinizulu himself is unmarried. The one great desire of his life is to see Zululand again, but that, in all probability, he never will. The presence of a prince of the house of Chaka would not make for peace in South Africa.

Behanzin, king of Dahomey, lives in a rather small house on the outskirts of the



DINIZULU, THE BLACK NAPOLEON, NOW CAPTIVE ON ST. HELENA.

city of Fort de France, Martinique, but he still surrounds himself with the retinue of a court, as courts are understood in Dahomey. He has with him his family, consisting of two wives, a son and three daughters, and also his court officials, consisting of an interpreter, his umbrellaberer and his chief executioner, whom he brought with him from Dahomey. When Behanzin sat on his throne in Dahomey the office of chief executioner was anything but a sinecure, but in these days, and in Martinique, that functionary gets a muchneeded rest. All he has to do is to look fierce when he walks out with the king. The umbrella-bearer and the interpreter, however, still have the duties of their offices to perform. Behanzin was a bloody old fellow when he was reigning in his capital of Abomey, and he is not a man of either pleasant or intelligent countenance now. He was captured by the French in 1883, and brought to Martinique soon after.

He appears to be comfortable in his exile, but is said to be afflicted every now and then with atacks of despondency and homesickness. His ancestors founded the kingdom of Dahomey early in the seventeenth century and for a long time it was the most powerful and prosperous of the native kingdoms in that part of Africa. He

BEHANZIN, KING OF DAHOMEY.

and all his people are of pure negro stock and all his people are of pure negro stock and are fetich-worshipers.

Behanzin and all his household dress as they used to do in Dahomey, and live, as nearly as they can, as they used to live there. But the quarters of the king are rather squalid and limited in size for even on exiled monarch, and Behanzin does not pregent so dignified a spectacle as does his brother African monarch in St. Helena, in spite of the umbrella-bearer, and the chief executioner and the two wives. Not far from where the exiled king lives was born the Empress Josephine, and there, too, Mme, de Maintenon, whom Louis XIV. delighted to honor, spent a part of her childhood.

Caring for an Exile.

The house chosen by the French govern-ment for the residence of Queen Ranavalo of Madagascar, in Algiers, is called the "Villa de Bois de Eologne." and is on the high land overlooking the city of Algiers. It is a large house and not unfitting for the residence of an exiled queen. Ranavalo arrived in Algiers recently from the island of Reunion, where she had been imprisoned since she was exiled from Madagascar. She arived at her place of exile accompanied by her aunt, her niece, her private secretary and four servants. Ranavalo is 30 years old. Her complexion is of a light copper color, and her eyes are gray. She is fairly well educated and of an unusual dignity of carriage. She is fond of music and plays the plano with some skill. The queen dresses in the European style, and is fond of gorgeous gowns. The French government allows Ranavalo a pension of \$5.000 a year, and provides her with the villa free. Ranavalo is fond of jeweiry, and is said to possess gems worth over \$2.000,000. She was much opposed to going to Algiers. When told that the climate would agree with her, she said: "But will Algiers give me back Madagascar?" When she arrived at Marseilles, on her way to Algiers, she burst into tears and said to one of the French officers who attended her: "Who is certain of the morrow? Yesterday I was a powerful queen; to-day I am only an unfortunate woman!" The queen is temperate in her eating and drinking, but her aunt, who accompanies her, is quite a different sort of person. This aunt eats and drinks like a Tartar, and behaves like one, too, when she is in her cups. She is a stout woman of rubicund complexion, and last year, at an official banquet in observance of July 14, at the Malagasy capital, Tananarivo, she caused a sensation by slapping the face of the French governor. M. Laroche. During the trip of the queen from Reunion to Marseilles the aunt and other members of the queen's suit drank no less than 120 bottles of brandy. So, while the poor queen mourns in her exple on the terraces above Algiers, her aunt is evidently going to have the best time of it she can. of Madagascar, in Algiers, is called the "Villa de Bois de Bologne." and is on the

would never do, she couldn't play on a piano like that; she couldn't understand it, either, for certainly that plano had a very sweet tone in the shop. So the plano man was sent for in great haste, and came to see what the trouble was, very much astonished himself. He ran his lingers over the plano and then turning, gazed curlously around the room.

"That is a most curious and impertinent man," thought the gir, as she watched him, his fingers moving over the keys, but his eyes wandering searchingly from one piece of furniture to another. Finally he left the plano, went to a stove in the room, tucked a piece of paper under one leg, and went back to the plano, when, strange to say, every note was as sweet and clear and full as could have been desired and there was not a suspicion of discord. During the cold weather a stove had been placed in the room and, not atanding evenly, with certain vibrations of the plano it was made to move and there followed a little clattering of iron, which, coming simultaneously with the striking of the keys of the plano, s. anded as if that instrument had produced the disagree-sale sound.

that instrument had produced the disagree-able sound.
"That is all right now." said the man as he left the piano, "only it was a stove man you needed instead of the piano man."

The King and the Scholar.

The King and the Scholar.

London Truth tells this story about King Oscar of Sweden: In a school he was visiting he noticed a mite who seemed eager to be questioned.

"What is your name, my little one?" asked the king.

"Christina," said the child.

"Are you satisfied with your name?"

"Very."

"Why?"

"It is a nice name."

"Any other reason?"

"Any other reason?"

"And a great Swedish queen and a famous singer were called Christina."

"I see you know history, past and present. What is history?"

"A dull story book that one reads to escape punishment."

"Capital!" cried the king.

"Now tell me something about the dull stories. What king's reign was the greatest?"

"Oscar II.'s" cried the child.

est?"
"Oscar II.'s" cried the child.
"And what great events happened in "And what great events happened in his reign?"

"None that I know of,"

"Nor that I know of, either," added the king. "You are a good child. Here is a five-kroner piece, with Oscar II.'s portrait, as a reward for your straight answers."

After the Blissard.

Prom the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Landlord, I heard some strange cries of distress in the night."

"From the direction of the woods?"

"Yes, and I thought I saw a wretched half-clad vagabond flying across the snowy field with a pack of dogs at his heels, and I'm sure I heard shots as he dashed among the trees."

the trees."
"Yes, yes; that's all right."
"Who or what was it?"
"I tell you, it's all right. That was the chump of a prophet who predicted a warm, snowless winter!"

Parental Pride.

From the Washington Star.

"Your daughter," observed Mr. Pneer's friend, "is at her most interesting age."

"Yes," said Mr. Pneer, with strong feeling. "When I take her with me on the street car I never know whether the conductor is going to charge me full or only half fare for her." An Expanded Curriculum.

From the Chicago News. *

From Life.

From the Chicago News.

An Evanston girl, blown into the lake the other day, refused aid and swam to the shore. It is a little breezy at times in Chicago's classic suburb, but such contingencies as that noted are provided for in the curriculum at Evanston.

Composer—"Of course, I can't write op-era that everybody will be pleased with." Manager—"I don't ask you to. All I ask you to do is to write opera that everybody will pretend to be pleased with."

THE CHINESE MINISTER TO LEAVE WASHINGTON THIS SUMMER.

Interesting Attackes of the Legation and Their Children-Mr. Chung. the Secretary Interpreter. and His Darles.

From the New York Tribune. The Chinese legation is shortly to lose its chief, who is planning a visit to Spain this summer, to which country he is also accredited. Wu Ting Fang, the present minister, presented his credentials to the president May 1, 1897, and has been at this post therefore, the mediate to the post therefore, the mediate to the post therefore. post, therefore, for nearly two years. Dur-ing this period he has not been outside the limits of the United States, and has ricky carned his present outing, which, although he goes to assume the duties of another le-gation, is in some sense a vacation, since it takes him across the sea and places him in a new environment and among oth-

er people.

The first of Mr. Wu's stay in Washington was naturally devoted to becoming ac-qualited with his duties at this capital, and last summer his plan of going to Mad-rid was defeated by the war, the minister



properly concluding that it was contrary to diplomatic etiquette, to use no stronger word, while acting as minister in the United States, to exercise his official functions in a country with which we were at war. But he has maintained both in Spain and in Peru, where he also represents China, large legations, which are presided over by charges d'affaires who are trained diplomatists, men of high standing and in full sympathy with their chief. He receives from his proxies voluminous reports, and in return sends them exhaustive instructions. Mr. Wu's position, indeed, is no sinecure. He is one of the most industrious members of the diplomatic corps, and the interests of China have never been better served at this capital than since he became her minister.

The Minister's Son.

members of the queen's suit drank no less than 120 bottles of brandy. So, while the poor queen mourns in her exile on the terraces above Algiers, her aunt is evidently going to have the best time of it she can.

OUT OF TUNE AND HARSH.

A Stove's Unevenness Affects the Piano's Sweet
ness.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

The girl had a new piano. She was a musical girl, and it was as nice a piano as could be found. When she had it properly set up and ready for use there was probably not a happier girl. But as she sat down to play a look of discontent and wonder spread over her face. It was strange, but this new piano was certainly out of tune; certain notes sounded like the hammering of a plece of iron. That would never do, she couldn't play on a piano like that; she couldn't understand it, either, for certainly that plano had a very sweet tone in the shop. So the piano man



THE CHINESE LEGATION, AT WASH-INGTON.

matic in dealing with the visitors who for various and sometimes becarre reason call at the legation. Mr. Chung is an alumnus of Yale, and his success in this country will doubtless win him a high position in the diplomatic service of China. Other Little Celestials.

Besides the son of the minister there are two other little Celestials, the sons of Mr. Yang, one of the secretaries belonging to the legation, who also aftend the public schools, where they are facetiously dubbed "the yellow kids" by their comrades. It is said that the first words these enterprising little foreigners learned were, "Get out: I call police!" an expression inspired by the annoyance they were subjected to through the curiosity of their small neighbors, who delighted in the quaint and gorgeous costumes and the handsome long queues, braided with red silk, from which bright colored tassels depended, of Sui Chee and Sui Chen. These admirers never hesitated to express their admiration whenever the wee Orientals appeared on the street, and followed after in a procession every time they went for an airing, that was not a very orderly one. The picturesque costumes have, however, been discarded for the dress common among children of their age in this part of the world, and Chee and Chen no longer threaten the children with the police, but are, on the contrary, on the most affectionate terms with them. Besides the son of the minister there are

Not Enough Time.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Has she a past":
"I don't think she has acquired one yet.
She didn't get into society until a year ago,
you remember."



From the London Wender.

Mr. Grabali (to cabman)—"What is your fare from Waterloo station to Stingey

Mixed Colors.

From the Detroit Journal.

After a man has satisfied himself that it is right to tell a white lie, he usually gets color blind.

Mixed Colors.

Gabman—"Two-and-six."

Mr. Graball—"Thank you, my man, I colly wanted to know how much I am in pocket by walking."

Collapse of cabby.